TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

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TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

G. A. Custer.

TENTING

ON

THE OLD CAMP GROUND

Words and Music

BY

WALTER KITTREDGE

ILLUSTRATED

H. M. CALDWELL CO.
NEW YORK AND BOSTON

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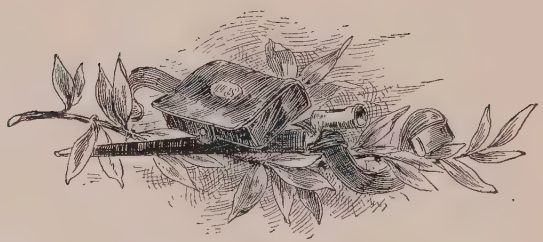
Illustrations

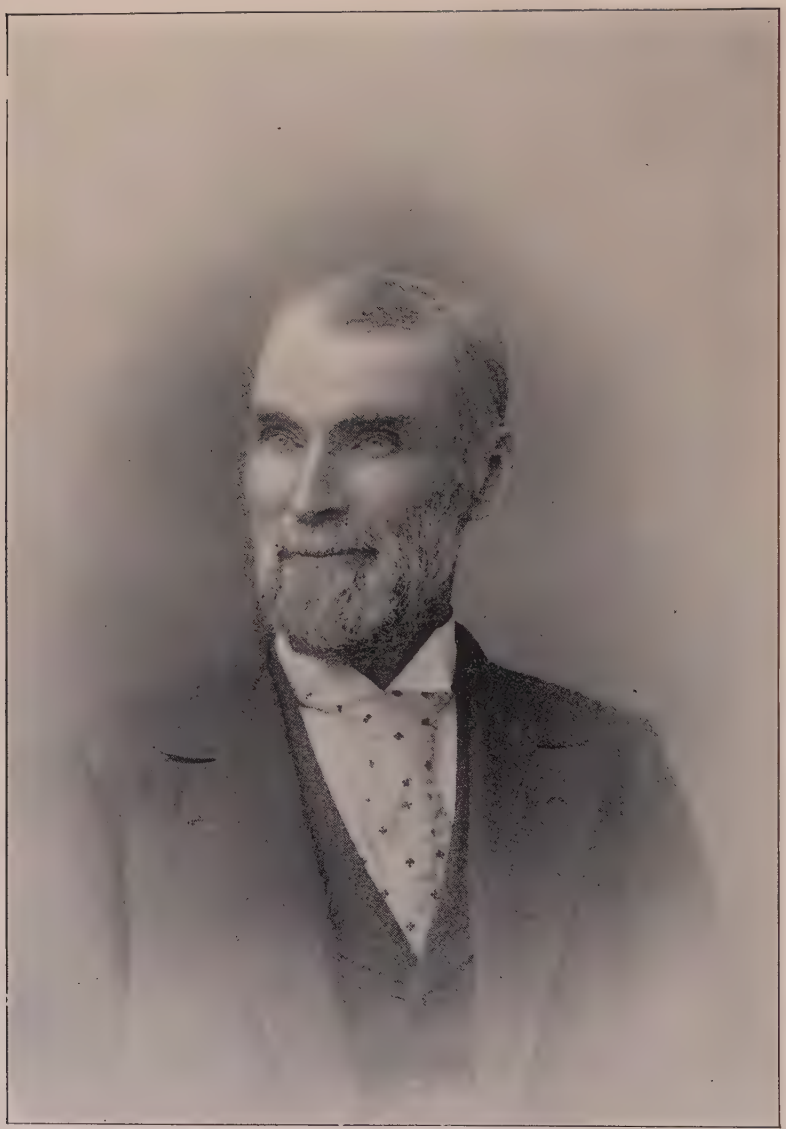
By CHARLES COPELAND.

Drawn and engraved under the supervision of

A. V. S. ANTHONY.



"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"



TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WE 'RE tenting to-night on the old Camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, — a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night,
Tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old Camp ground.

We 've been tenting to-night on the old Camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, "Good bye!" CHORUS.

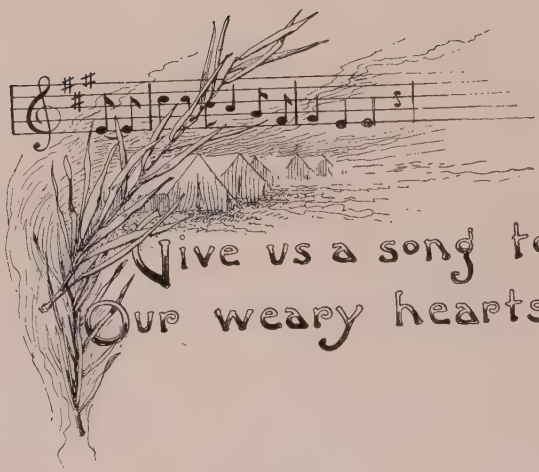
We are tired of war on the old Camp ground:
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who 've left their homes;
Others have been wounded long. CHORUS.

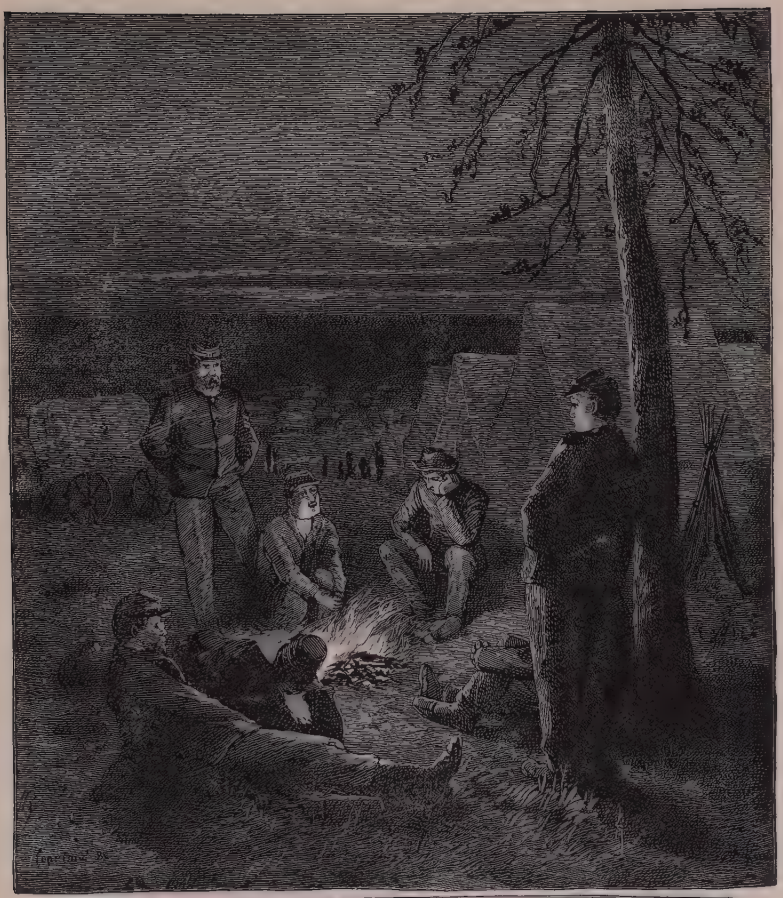
We 've been fighting to-day on the old Camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

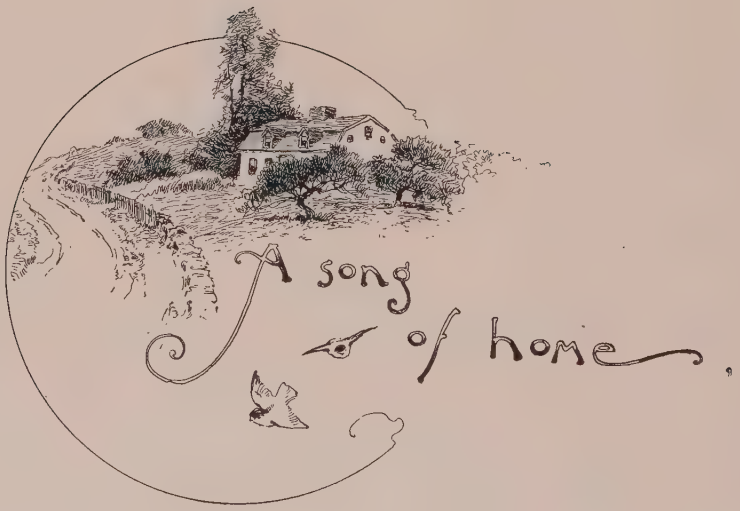
CHORUS.

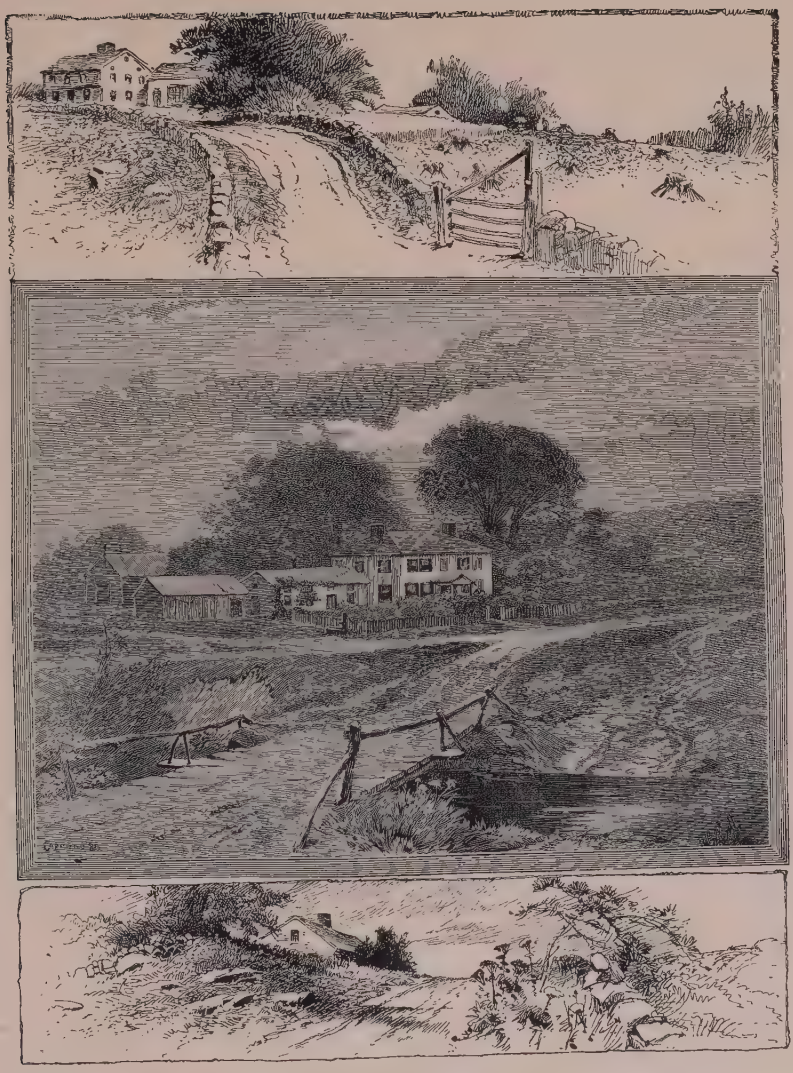
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night,
Dying to-night,
Dying on the old Camp ground.

We're tenting tonight
on the old Camp ground,

Copeland 89

Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts,




A song
of home.



And friends
we love so dear.

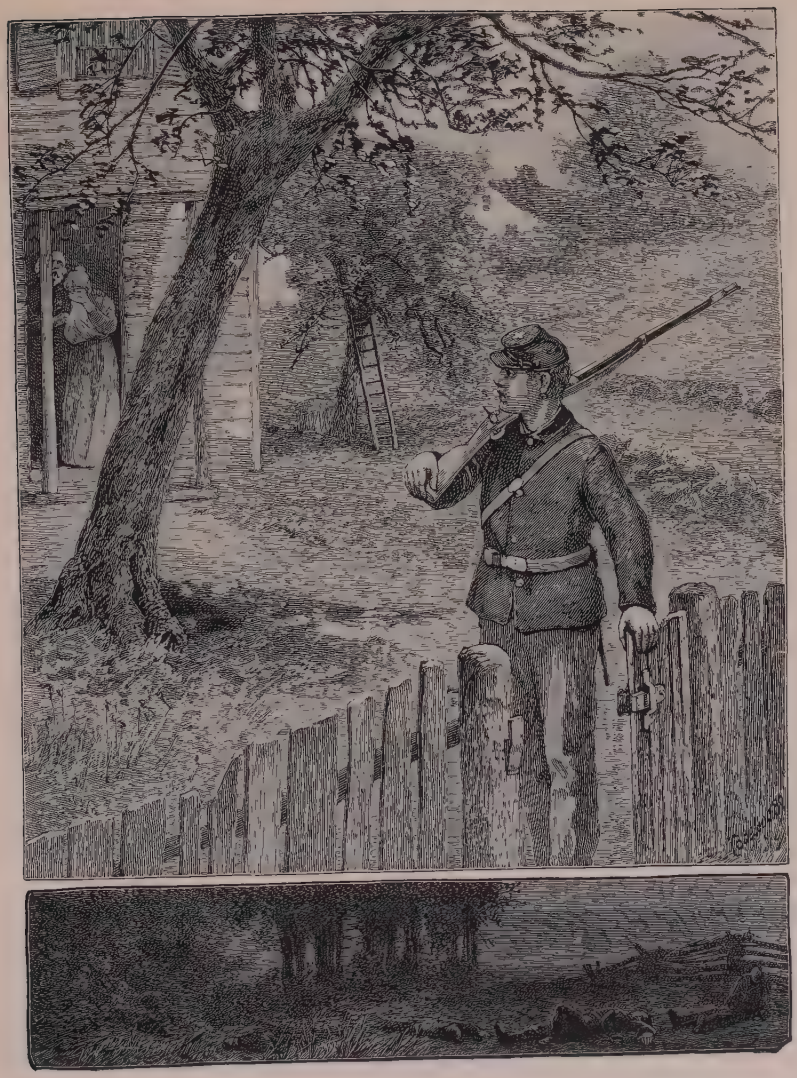
We've been
tenting to-night
on the old Camp ground,
Thinking of days
gone by,

Of the lov'd ones
at home
that gave us
the hand,

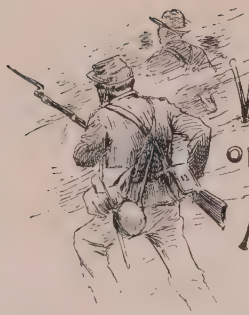
And the tear
that said "Good bye!"

Kipeland 89

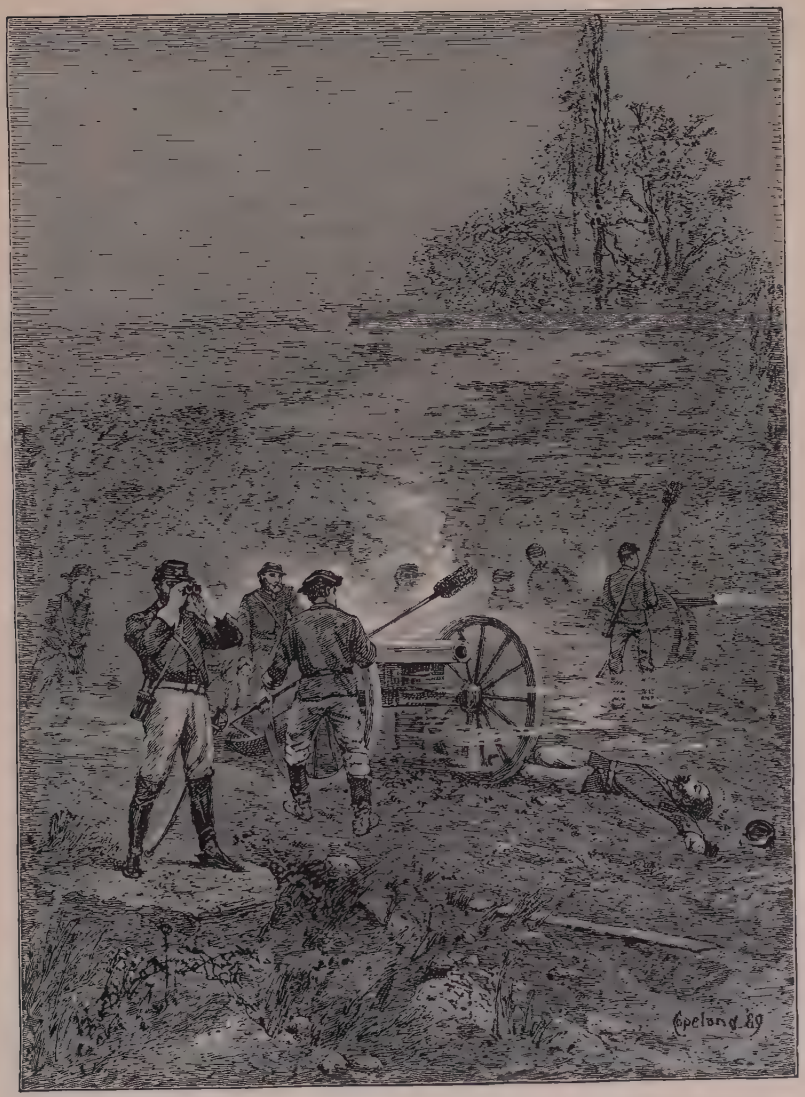
We are tired of war
on the old Camp ground,
Many are dead and gone.
Of the brave and true
who've left their homes.



Others
have been wounded
long,

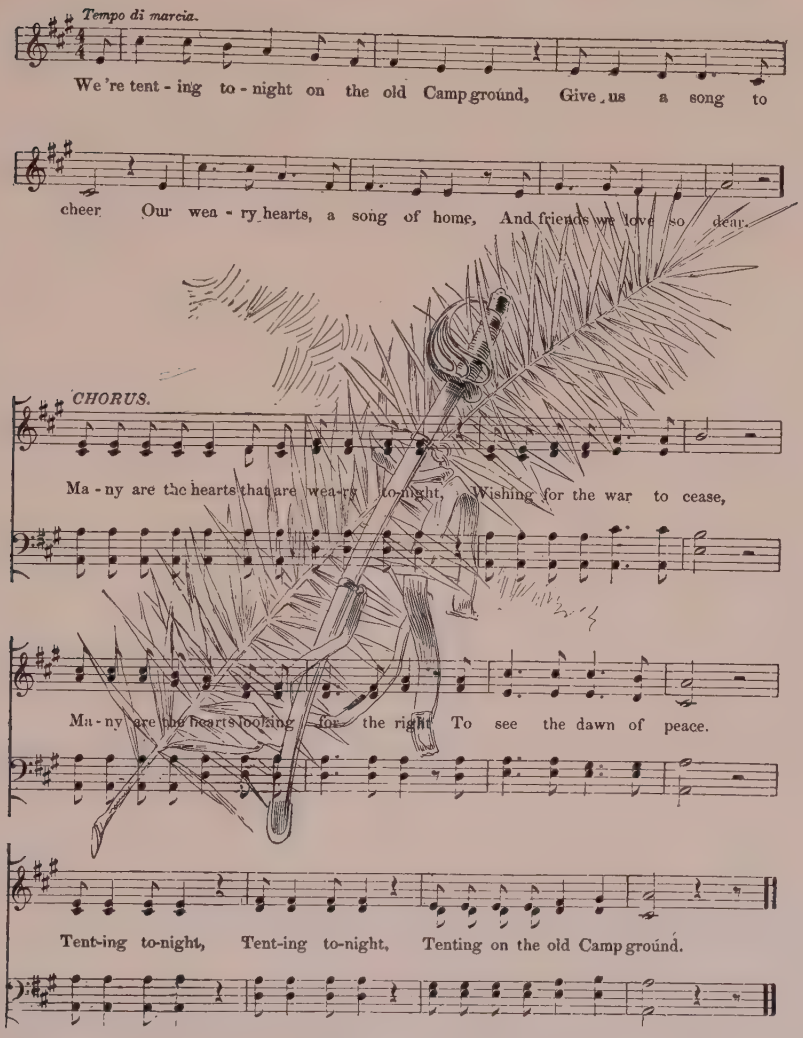


We've been fighting today
on the old Camp ground,
Many are lying near;


Copeland '89

Some are dead, and some
are dying,
Many are in tears.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.


Tempo di marcia.
We're tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to
cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
CHORUS.
Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wishing for the war to cease,
Ma - ny are the hearts looking for the right To see the dawn of peace.
Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tenting on the old Camp ground.

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